

THE BATS
ABLE TASMANS, TIN SOLDIERS
Otago University, Feb 27.

Only just out of school uniforms this year, Tin Soldiers are already one of the leading young guns of the Dunedin music scene. As such, their youthful enthusiasm results in sparky, brash energetic pop, but in places their performance shows they have also yet to master the art of quality control.

They're on the right track with songs like the punchy, fiesty 'Airpit' and they've got some incisive riffs influenced by some local Flying Nun heroes. However, they should drop stuff like the pathetic, near-heavy metal pastiche 'Madness' and the singer's spastic Bez-type dancing.

Ready, willing and able, the Able Tasmans strolled on for one of their rare Dunedin gigs. Where most bands have only the guitar dominating their songs, Able Tasmans have the luxury of a twin guitar and twin (sometimes three!) keyboards to enhance their songs. Normally this results in excessive, indulgent sounding crap, but they create rich, powerful bouncy pop. Also, any accusations that the Able Tasmans are fey and wimpy are null and void. Punctuating the smoothness was the occasional speeding frenetic spazz-out with guitars spitting out harsh melodies and keyboards droning away.

Much of tonight's set comprised newer material with songs like the dazzling 'Not Fair' indicating that any forthcoming album should be as good as the previous two.

The Bats were the icing on the cake, Orientation veterans that they are. From the start, with songs like 'It's A Lie', they splashed out their massive melodic mastery. This is what makes the Bats the great live band they are — no pretension, no derivative hair-waving grunge shite, just luscious, highly intriguing and appealing pop with Robert Scott's calm voice flowing alongside. The catchy 'You Know You Shouldn't' and recent single 'The Black And The Blue' were vibrant highlights of a convincing set, loaded with their simple, basic, naive pop.

I've lost count of the number of times I've seen the Bats live, but I've never

been disappointed. This time they were again on the ball. The Bats may not be scary or put the fear of God into you live, but they can play heavenly pop by the bucket load.
GRANT MCDUGALL

3Ds, SNAPPER
MY DEVIANT DAUGHTER
Otago University, Feb 28.

My Deviant Daughter's drummer was wearing a Joy Division t-shirt and unfortunately this sums up their predicament — they wear their influences in too many of their songs. This three-piece are capable of strong, gutsy stuff, but far too often let themselves down by insisting on using a poxy, insipid drum machine and obvious Joy Division/New Order rhythm section rip-offs in their set. Songs like 'Interface Me' just sound like Factory fodder out-takes. It's in songs like the less derivative, tense 'Delirious' that MDD's strengths fully emerge, especially in the incandescent vocals of Emma Higham. But their songs would improve a ton if they were to chuck the drum machine and smash their Joy Division/New Order records.

After some extraordinarily mediocre recent gigs, Snapper were back on form. Fuck this sub-pop, look how flash can we play crap, Gutteridge and co. piss all over it. Their hypnotic dance groove was mesmerising. Slabs of dense powerful white noise and highly charged repetitive rhythms foamed out with Gutteridge's laconic vocals sounding neatly understated. New drummer Mike Dooley (ex-Toy Love) has slotted in well, as has David Kilgour. Not only did the booming sonic soundscapes from the earlier EP and the new album *Shotgun Blossom* kick a hole in your brain, so did the beautiful, gentle pop of things like 'Planet Phrom'. The last time Snapper played an Orientation gig they sucked, this time they blew people away.

Then the 3Ds sang songs and they didn't get it wrong with their warped little oddities in full fiery flame. With lots of nifty little riffs permeating each song they were engagingly bizarre and strangely enchanting. The oldies like 'Nimmos Dream', 'Bunny' and 'Evil Kid' still sound fairly fresh, but hell, one thing's for sure, the new *Hellzapoppin* is the most appropriately titled local album of the year already. Whatever the songs on it are called, live they are hellishly menacing, snarling pop songs. One wonders how they do it, but the

3Ds can jam out the kicks no sweat. Now for them to conquer the States...
GRANT MCDUGALL

SIT ON MY FACE OR GET OUT OF MY LIFE!

A One-Woman Show by Ms Ima Hoar
Maidment Theatre, Auckland

Writer / Director Charles Bracewell is well known in Auckland circles as the creator of Ima Hoar, lead singer for the Drag Babies. His attempt to flesh out a 15-minute floor show into a full theatre performance is bold to say the least. Luckily for Bracewell he has the talent to pull it off.

That is not to say this one-off show didn't have serious flaws. Act One was marred by faulty microphones, which made the actor's voices sound disjointed and stilted. This clearly affected the delivery of the lines, ruining the humour, however Bracewell / Hoar carried the scenes with his fine singing voice.

After the technical problems were resolved during intermission, Act Two kicked off with more jokes and songs. Ms Hoar is the over-the-hill (ie 22) club dolly who drinks too much and has bad relationships with men. Her recounting of these instances we can all relate to are witty and perceptive, but the humour is not riotous. That is not to say that Ms Hoar is not outrageous. With the benefit of a simple banana she proves Madonna is not the only bleach-head with a talented throat.

This performance was not a play as such, with Ms Hoar often breaking thru the 4th wall and diving into the audience to let them taste her acidic tongue up close. Her attempt to pull two punters on stage for a bit of a chat drew immediate and obvious comparisons to Julian Clarey's *Sticky Moments*. Sadly, the audience members chosen were too reserved and the scene failed.

Bracewell may have perhaps over-reached his considerable talents by attempting to write, direct and perform his own material in his first show. There is no doubt, however, that now he has proved himself he'll readily find others to share some of those tasks. I look forward to a second performance.
NICK DANGLE



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TUNE OUT! TURN IN! And DROP OFF! Yes in a month when BELINDA "TOUCH THAT DIAL, PLEASE TOUCH THAT DIAL" TODD confirms BARRY SHAW's suspicions by appearing with a BUNCH OF HIPPIY LONGHAIRS on the cover of RIDEITUP magazine, you know it's time to CHANGE to CHANNEL SLAG, the 24-hour ALL-CRAP subscriber BULLSHIT CHANNEL.

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And WHAT has been HAPPENING in the WORLD of TELEVISION this week? Let us TUNE IN to the ELVIS SLAG BIG EXCITING SWEATY WORLD OF NEWS. (PAUSE as Elvis slips into MAN-EATER McNAUGHT-style WIG and adopts POSH SEXY ACCENT...)

And SPEAKING of BELINDA "TUNE IN! TUNE OUT! TUNE IN! TUNE OUT!" TODD, her photo session with PUSH PUSH was a winner. At the beginning of the SESSION the band ask: "Do you have any IDEAS for the PHOTO?" And so BELINDA imitates FELLATIO. And so the BAND all BACK AWAY because they are SKINNY YOUNG LADS who are AFRAID.

MEDIA NEWSFLASH: AUCKLAND! Aren't those television ads for RADIO HAURAKI GREAT? And wasn't it GREAT that NICK D'ANGELO helped out by agreeing to APPEAR DANCING IN THEM? GOOD MOVE, NICK! Look forward to seeing you doing the LAST TANGO IN PARIS dance step when you join that family for the BUTTER COMMERCIALS.

And ANOTHER great commercial on TV features that CLASSIC ROCK number by the CLASH: SHOULD I STAY OR SHOULD I GO. How FABULOUS. ELVIS looks FORWARD to the next jeans commercial that features the soundtrack to SANDINISTA: "DIE DIE DIE COMMUNIST DOGS / WE KICK YOUR ARSE WITH AMERICAN WEAPONS / AND ALSO SLIM-FITTING WESTERN-TYPE JEANS / YEAH."

And here is the JUDY BAILEY item: A FLUFFY KITTEN said MEOW in LOWER HUTT today. Police minister JOHN WANKS commented "GNASH GNASH SNARL the public are SICK and TIRED of this sort of thing happening in society so I'm going to LEGALISE 900 STUKA DIVE-BOMBERS until it STOPS."

LIFESTYLES OF THE POOR AND OBSCURE: this week — CRAZEE MEDICAL MISHAPS! The world is FULL of FAMOUS PEOPLE

with LITTLE OR NO MUSCULAR CO-ORDINATION. Enter DR ELVIS SLAG, M.D., with a happy laugh-a-minute list of MEDICAL EVIDENCE:

NAME: Simon Grigg.
OCCUPATION: Apprentice DJ, Box nightclub.
INJURY: BROKEN LEG (1990 but still good for a laugh).
PROBABLE CAUSE: Answering back to Anne.

NAME: Kirk Gee.
OCCUPATION: GOOD FUCKING QUESTION. What DOES Kirk do around here apart from MESS UP THE PLACE and WASTE POP STARS' TIME on the telephone?
INJURY: BROKEN LEG (March 1992).
PROBABLE CAUSE: Successfully riding skateboard down 45-degree slope of Bowen St but bringing subsequent meteoric descent to a halt by inserting his young body BENEATH A PARKED CAR.
EXCELLENT WAY TO GO KIRK. I bet they do that in THRASHER magazine ALL THE TIME.

NAME: Karl.
OCCUPATION: Whisky & Lace member (retired) and Rumblefish fan.
INJURY: Hurt nose very very badly.
PROBABLE CAUSE: Pulling down stage barrier at Rumblefish concert, then stage-diving from stage into barrier. DUH.

NAME: Otis Frizzell.
OCCUPATION: Crazee "rap" artist with "rap" group MC ORANGE DRINK AND RHYTHM METHOD.
INJURY: BROKEN ARM (1991).
PROBABLE CAUSE: GOING TO THE DOCTOR. Otis WOKE UP one morning with a SORE LEG and went to SEE THE DOCTOR who revealed he had in fact BROKEN HIS ARM. What does this TELL US about MR OTIS'S NERVOUS SYSTEM?

ELVIS SLAG

Rip It Up

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